No. 30. PAGE 117

THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1805.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. XVIII.

THE establishment of public libraries in the early stages of society, is a subject of such importance, as to demand much more attention than it generally receives. In the full conviction of this truth, I readily waited on Mr. BLUNT to examine the system which he had mentioned to me, and finding it different in many respects from any regulations I had before seen, I endeavored to impress my mind with the arguments of the author, and with the particulars of his system, which I will transcribe, as nearly as I can recollect them.

The rules and regulations, says he, which are generally adopted by library companies, are incompatible with the means and the wants of a great part of society. Many who possess the means of purchasing a share in a library, rate property too high, and knowledge too low, to be at any *considerable expence* for acquiring information. Others who do not possess those means, have an ardent desire for intellectual improvement by reading, but, it is out of their reach. Thus situated, both those classes are in a measure debarred the benefits resulting from public libraries, which are the property of a third class exclusively. The first principle which ought to govern, in the commencement of such establishments, should be, to place their advantages in such a situation as that all who choose, may partake of them at a small expence. A literary taste is not the sole inheritance of the rich, nor is genius confined to the affluent; both are frequently discovered in a measure well worth cultivating, and in a situation to be regretted.

The general mode of organizing public libraries, is to consider them as permanent property, in shares of considerable cost in the first instance, and continually accumulating; thereby receding farther and farther from the command of those who are cramped in their pecuniary circumstances. These shares descend as a patrimony from the father to his children, who are under no more obligations to be persons of taste or genius, than the heir apparent is to be fit for a crown. Thus the benefits are frequently possessed by those who reap no advantage from them, and are denied to hundreds who are panting for the possession of a blessing, which it is not their lot to enjoy.

A farmer, a tradesman, a widow, and many others, may not for a course of years, find it convenient to lay down twenty dollars for the purchase of a share in the library; yet all these may have children whose taste and understanding they wish to cultivate. If the price of a share were but three or four dollars, each of these might become a proprietor for a time, without subjecting themselves to great inconvenience.

The common methods of encreasing a library, are by taxes on the original proprietors, and by the admission of new members; the first enhances the value of the shares, and the second is limited by the population of the place, on which it must ever depend; consequently if the progress of population be slow, that of the library cannot be rapid.

Native genius, or taste, is discovered at an early period in youth, but they have no opportunity of improving the natural talent, by the use of the library, unless they happen to be born children of proprietors. These and other evils attend the general mode of instituting libraries, which might be avoided by an establishment like the following. The regulations will be reserved for the next number.

ON GOOD HUMOR.

HUMAN nature ever was, and ever will be the same: it only takes different methods of displaying itself, according to the genius of the people. Thus a nymph of the Hottentots, who breaks the gristle of her child's nose, and anoints it with grease and soot, is equally as well pleased with the contrivance to increase what they think beauty, as our delicate dames are when they spoil their own and their children's complexion by washes and paints.

Fancy and imitation are the guides of taste: why then may not the tawny mother admire her sooty son, and bless his goggling eyes, his blubber lips, his woolly head, and delicate complexion? Why not laugh as heartily at our want of discernment as we do at their's? The reason is every whit as obvious to them on their side the question, as it is to us on our's—Black teeth, and very long nails, are the greatest ornament of the Siamese. Painted bodies, and jewels dangling from their lips and noses is the fine taste of the American Indians.

"Oh odious creature!—Ridiculous taste!" says a city belle, and why so, my pert misses? Had it been your fate to have been born even in this polite country some thousand years sooner, you might have been as great adepts in plaistering your bodies, as you are now at daubing your faces. But, to be serious: say my pretty fair one, would you have your lover adore you? Nay, what is of far greater consequence than either, would you wish to be happy? "Yes." Then study to make every person around you so. You will find far more satisfaction in giving pleasure to another than in receiving it yourself. There is a kind of benignity in conveying happiness to another which only experience can give you any idea of. Your own felicity depends in a great measure upon the exertion of this principle.

Flavia was left to the care of her own fortune at the age of seventeen: her mother knowing her innate virtue and solid principles, thought those her properest guardians. She thought right. Flavia's beauty and fortune, which were both considerable, drew crowds of flattering fops and fortune-hunting rakes to her shrine. The rakes imagined so much youth and innocence could never resist their refined arts; the beaux depended upon the striking charms of their powdered paper skulls. Had Flavia been so disposed, here was an ample field before her, in which she might have fully indulged the vanity of her age and sex, and coquetted away at once both her innocence and happiness. She, however, gave all these their answers as fast as they came, but with so much sweetness and sensibility, that she awed the rakes, and delighted the fools.

She was in her twentieth year when first young Lovemore paid his addresses to her. The youth was of a different complexion from any of her former humble servants; he loved her heartily for her beauty, but he

loved her more for her good humor and good sense. He saw how completely happy the man must be who gained so rich a prize; and the bare thought of the possibility of losing her gave him more real uneasiness, while it lasted, than it is in the power of beauty alone to create. She perceived his merit and observed how respectfully he admired her.

As it was contrary to the goodness of her heart, to keep any one in suspense, she was no sooner assured of the equity of his intentions, than she made him both easy and happy by giving her hand where her heart dictated. Those maxims which preserved her in her youth, continued and increased her happiness in an advanced age.

Every one that knows her admires her; and blessings flow from every tongue on the head of the good, the benevolent Flavia.

ON INDUSTRY.

THE absurd indulgence with which parents anticipate every wish of their children often paves the way for their destruction, and entirely unfits them for returning that affectionate care which is due to the authors of their being. How many instances do we see of the ill effects of such misplaced kindness. By supplying children with all the superfluities of life, we at once weaken the springs of exertion, and induce a habit of indolence fatal to future improvement; for why should they exert themselves to procure that which is ready at their call? Virtuous habits and habits of industry are nearly the same; and since these only are productive of happiness, it is of the utmost importance to teach the youthful mind that enjoyment and self-satisfaction must be purchased by labor. Happy is the man, who, in early life, has been taught by experience the blessed effects of honest industry, and the inestimable value of time. Multiply time by industry, and what is the result? Peace of mind; the innocent enjoyment of life, and every thing that can exalt human nature.

By Industry, I must not be understood to mean the incessant drudging pursuit after sordid gain; I have likewise reference to mental industry; the improvement of that intellectual part of our existence which elevates our view above this narrow scene of things, and teaches us to soar to heaven.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS,

BY HIMSELF, IN A LETTER TO DR. MOORE.

[*Continued from Page* 114.]

IN my seventeenth year to give my manners a blush, I went to a country dancing school. My father had an unaccountable antipathy to those meetings, and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father, as I said before, was subject to strong passions; from that instance of disobedience in me, he took a sort of dislike to me, which, I believe, was one cause of the dissipation which marked my succeeding years. I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness and sobriety, and regularity of a presbyterian country life; for though the Will-o'Wisp meteors, of thoughtless whim were also the sole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept me for several years afterwards within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclop round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labor. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune, was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it; the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance! Thus abandoned without aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy or hypocondriasm made me fly solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense, and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that always where two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart was *un penchant a l'adorable meietie du genre humain.* My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted by some goddess or other: and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various; sometimes I was received with favor and sometimes I was mortified by a repulse. At the plough, scythe, reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labors than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad never carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe. The very goose feather in my hand seems to know instinctively the well known path of my imagination, the favorite theme of my song; and is with difficulty restrained from giving me a couple of paragraphs on the love adventures of my compeers, the humble inmates of the farm house and the cottage; but the grave sons of science, ambition, or avarice, baptize these things by the name of follies. To the sons and daughters of labor and poverty they are matters of the most serious nature; to them the ardent hope, the stolen interview, the tender farewell, are the greatest and most delicious parts of their enjoyments.

Another circumstance in my life, which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c. in which I made a pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful; and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering, riot, and roaring dissipation, were until this time new to me, but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learned to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, until the Sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillettie*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my *sines* and *co-sines* for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the suns altitude, there I met my angel,

Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.——

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I stayed I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest girl had kept me guiltless.

I returned home very considerably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of *Thompson's* and *Shenstone's* works; I had seen human nature in a new phasis; and I engaged several of my school-fellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of Queen Ann's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly. I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me, and a comparison between them and the composition of most of my correspondents, flattered my vanity. I carried this whim so far, that though I had not three farthings worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of day book and ledger.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE HIVE.

Messrs. M'DOWELL & GREEAR,

If the following be deemed worthy a corner in your paper, by inserting it you will oblige A FRIEND.

Enigmatical List of Beautiful Ladies in this Town.

Three-forths of the Goddess of Poetry, and to address a gentleman, changing a letter.

Four-fifths of a city in Italy, and the delight of every company.

An English measure—a vowel, and the peasants wealth.

Two-fifths of a water fowl—a consonant, and two-thirds of untruth.

Three-fifths of an intoxicating fruit, and to spell one of the first six letters.

The country lads and lasses yearly toil.

One-half of a great poet and a consonant.

Five-twelfths of a town in Maryland, and the blind mans guid.

The effect of cold on the body.

Three-fourths of not fast, and three-sevenths of a Town Incorporate.

To fit a vessel, and two-thirds of second nature.

One-half of an hollow substance, and a standard weight. ALONZO.

*** *A solution is requested.*

To Snuff-takers, Smokers & Chewers of Tobacco.

IT is difficult to contemplate man in a more absurd and ridiculous light, than in his attachment to TOBACCO; a weed, not more nauseous to the taste, than it is unfriendly to *Health* and *Morals*. Its influence upon both, it is here proposed to exhibit, in a concise manner, for the serious consideration of those who are addicted to its use.

And first, its effects on *Health*. It may be asserted, on the highest medical authority, that the use of TOBACCO impairs the *appetite*; that it promotes *indigestion*, thro' the waste of the saliva in chewing & smoking; that it produces many of those disorders which are seated in the nerves; as tremors in the hands, headache, epilepsy, palsy, apoplexy, and many other complaints. The hot smoke of tobacco has destroyed a whole set of teeth, in a very short time; and, as well as chewing, it *fouls* the mouth, and necessarily renders the *breath* extremely *offensive*. The use of snuff injures the *voice*, by obstructing the nose; it renders the *complexion* of a disagreeable dusky color; and also taints the sweetest breath with the rank odor of a tobacco cask. For this reason the ladies of fashion in France, it is said, seldom take snuff until they marry, a very high compliment, no doubt, to their husbands. The *memory* has likewise been lost by an excessive use of snuff. This was the case with sir John Pringle, President of the Royal Society of London; but after following the advice of his friend Dr. Franklin, to desist from taking snuff, he very soon regained his powers of memory, tho' at a very advanced age.

Secondly, its effects on *Morals*.—Smoking and chewing promote a *thirst for strong drink*, which leads to *intemperance* and *drunkenness*. Smoking disposes to *idleness*, which is the root of many evils. The use of tobacco is necessarily connected with a neglect of *cleanliness*, which, for its favorable effect on morals, ought to be ranked among the cardinal virtues. Smoking is *offensive* to those who do not smoke; and to smoke, therefore, under such circumstances, is a breach of good manners—to these may be added, that smoking segars is a very common cause of *accidents by fire*, as the daily reports in our newspapers of destructive conflagrations will testify.

The friends of tobacco offer two arguments in its favor.—First, that it is a preservative against contagious diseases; but facts contradict this idea—Howard, the philanthropist, proved it had no efficacy in checking the contagion of the plague; and experience in this country has amply ascertained, that it is equally ineffectual against the influenza or yellow fever.—Second, that smoking and snuff relieve that uneasiness which arises from eating a too plentiful meal. A far more rational and effectual remedy would be to eat less; and thereby derive the additional advantage of avoiding the sin of gluttony.

To conclude—The greatest philosophers and physicians uniformly condemn the use of tobacco. Dr. Franklin, a few months before his death, declared with exultation, that he never had used tobacco, in any way, in the course of his long life; and it is believed that Washington could make the same boast. Dr. Rush has written an Essay against it from which several of the facts here intruduced, are derived.

Arouse, then, O ye *Snuff-takers*, *Chewers*, and *Smokers!* Exert yourselves to overcome this destructive and growing evil! The inhabitants of the United States are said to consume more tobacco than any other civilized nation on earth, or than any uncivilized, the Turks only excepted. Are you, then, ambitious to bear away the palm from the Mahometans, for those unenviable qualities, which that indolent, ignorant, and barbarous nation of smokers proverbially possess.

Propositions and Solutions, Translated from Quevedo.

1. TO oblige all handsome women to follow, if you are a man, and the rich gallants, if you are a woman,

Be sure always to keep behind them when they are going.

2. To be sure of a good reception wherever you go! *and it is infallable.*

Give something in every place, and you will find so good a reception, that you will have cause to repent.

3. To make the woman you love run after you wherever you go, though you have never seen her but once in your life,

Steal what she has, and she will pursue you to the end of the world.

4. That men and women may grant all you ask of them,

Desire the women to take all you have, and the men to give you nothing, and they will all grant it.

5. To be rich,

If you have money keep it; and if you have not, do not covet it, and you will be rich enough.

6. To come at any woman without ever failing,

If she walks, put on: if she puts on, run; if she runs, fly; and you'll soon come at her.

7. That you may never grow grey nor old,

Die when you are young,

8. To prevent taylors stealing your cloth,

Let them make no clothes for you.—*This is the only remedy.*

9. To be in great esteem,

Get much money, live luxuriously, and treat all that come near you.

10. To prevent growing old,

Keep always in the sun in summer, and in the wet in winter, never giving yourself rest; fret at every thing that happens; eat your meat cold, and drink water.

11. That you may be successful in all law suits,

Never pay your counsellor, nor your solicitor, nor any fees of court, for all that money is certainly lost, and it is a daily charge upon you, and if you *gain* your *cause*, and *pay* them, still your *money* is gone; and if you are cast, still worse. And take notice, that before you go to law, the *controversy* is, whether the money is your's or another's; but when the suit is once begun, *the contrivance* is, that it be neither your's nor the other's, but their's who pretend to defend you both.

12. That you may never lie long sick,

Send for your physician when you are well, and give him money, because you are not sick,—for if you give it him when you are *ill*, how can you expect that he should give you health, which *he gets nothing by*, and remove the distemper, which *he lives by*.

Lancaster, *January* 9, 1805.

DIED, on Wednesday last, Miss *Catharine Hall*, of this borough.

In this young lady were blended most of the virtues and accomplishments of her sex; amiable in her manners, sincere in her professions, unaffected by pride or capricious passion, rich in the affection of her friends, she departed this life after a severe illness which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation. [*Journal.*]

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

LAURA's LAMENTATION,

FOR THE ABSENCE OF HENRY.

Tune, "*When wild war's deadly blast was blown.*"

THE departure of my much-lov'd lad,
Of comfort has bereft me;
His absence makes me dull and sad:
My *Henry's* gone and left me.

May heaven, propitious, grant my pray'r,
And send him safe returning;
From harm protect my only dear,
For whom my heart is mourning.

When the encrimson'd web of war,
From distant climes expanding,
O'erspread with rapine freedom's land;
Each patriot's life demanding:

Where guiltless blood from her brave sons,
In frightful streams was flowing,
My youthful lover caught the fire
That's in his bosom glowing.

My Henry felt his country's shame,
On slav'ry's yoke did ponder;
For soldier chang'd the farmer name,
To purchase death or honor,

In yonder hedge his plough he threw,
His cattle left to wander,
In freedom's cause his sword he drew,
To face proud Britain's thunder.

His virtuous breast, devoid of fear,
No coward-dread corroded;
That gen'rous heart to me most dear,
Complete success foreboded.

And thus impress'd his corps he join'd,
(For their birthrights contending;)
Like ardent freemen, firm combin'd,
Bless'd liberty defending.

How loving, at his last farewel,
His tender arms caress'd me;
He bade me all my fears dispel,
And to his bosom press'd me.

Altho' (he said) a prey to death,
Stern fate may doom me early;
Yet I will bless, with fleeting breath,
Thee, Laura, I love dearly!

Oh! when, on the ensanguin'd field,
Dread light'nings flash around him;
Do thou above, my Henry shield,
From dangers which surround him.

When thund'ring cannons loudly roar,
And murd'rous small arms rattle,
May guardian Angels hover o'er,
And watch him in the battle.

Kind Heaven do sweet peace restore,
And war's vile horrors banish;
Rejoic'd I'll then my love adore,
Before whom grief will vanish;

Oh! do, in mercy grant my pray'r,
And send him soon returning;
If not, protect my only dear,
For whom my heart is mourning.

HOPE.

HOPE, heaven-born Cherub still appears,
However misfortune seems to lower;
Her smile the threat'ning tempest clears,
And is the RAINBOW of the shower!

Messrs. Printers,

IN reading lately the poems of the Ayrshire ploughman, I could not help regreting that some of the finest were so much obscured by the provincial dialect as to be scarcely intelligible to the English reader. I have endeavored, as far as the verse admits, to put one of them into an English dress—if you think it will be relished by your literary readers, it is at your service. [*Museum.*]

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the plough in April, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I must crush amongst the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's not thy neighbor sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mongst the dewy weet!
Wi's speckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Cold blew the bitter-biting *north*
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou blossom'd forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the *parent-earth*
Thy tender form.

The flaunting *flow'rs* our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and walls must shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield*
Of clod or stone,
Adorns the rugged *stubble field.*
Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowey bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
Low in the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n,
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n,*
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the *Daisy's* fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date:
Stern Ruin's *ploughshare* drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the *furrow's* weight,
Shall be thy doom!

* *Chance shelter.*

USEFUL.

A CURE FOR THE CONSUMPTION.

AS we are daily victims of casualties and diseases, the mind of man has ever been employed to prevent the recurrence of the one, and to remedy the other. Self love was, perhaps, the original stimulus that led to these researches; but it is certainly now, in most cases, a benevolent affection of the humane heart that directs the application of their results. If, under this view, I should communicate to a suffering fellow creature the means of relief, though it may differ from the received principle of the science of medicine, and the practice of physicians in a very prevalent and a very fatal disease, the *consumption*, I hope I shall not be deemed assuming or obtrusive—Completely to eradicate this disorder, I will not positively say the following remedy is capable of doing; but I will venture to affirm, by a temperate mode of living, (avoiding wholly liquors); wearing flannel next the skin; and taking every morning, half a pint of *new milk* mixed with a wine glass full of the expressed juice of *green hoarhound;* the complaint will not only be relieved, but the individual shall procure to himself a length of days beyond what its mildest form could give room to hope for. I am myself, sir, a living witness of the beneficial effects of this agreeable and, though innocent, yet powerful application.

Four weeks use of the hoarhound and milk relieved the pains of my breast; gave me to breathe deep, long and free; strengthened and harmonized my voice; and restored me to a state of better health than I had enjoyed for many years. Hence I am emboldened to pray you to make this known through the medium of your paper, that the public welfare may be promoted by the preservation of private worth; that the sacred ties of friendship; the blessful union of love; the high, ennobled, and interesting connexions, of husband and wife, parent and child, may not be suddenly and so frequently severed by the hand of death. P.

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